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THE WORLD BEYOND

EDITED BY
JUSTIN H. MOORE

1. Immaculate,
2 Religion (Comparative).
3 " (Oriental)

Bull

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THE WORLD BEYOND

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To
JOHN HERMAN RANDALL
Prophet
Sage
and
Friend

EDITOR'S NOTE

Sincere acknowledgment and thanks are made to many publishers for kind permission to use in this book extracts from copyright publications. The selections have been adapted and in part rewritten for the sake of clarity and conciseness. A tribute is due also to the patient toil of a host of scholars, most of whom have now passed away, whose painstaking researches have revealed an underlying unity in all the religious aspiration of humanity throughout the world.

FOREWORD

Science only serves to widen the horizon of religious wonder, and in viewing the records which are preserved of man's religious thought, present even in the most primitive tribes, we find traces of mystic awareness of the spirit of God always near at hand. Thus the sayings of the greatest of the mystics, Jesus of Nazareth, take on an added significance when they are found to accord with the aspirations of many who lived before His time and many who followed Him. In such unity of purpose in reaching out toward the Unseen is the best proof of the brotherhood of man, the essential oneness of humanity throughout the ages. We hope in subsequent volumes to cull other living pages on different religious themes from the mass of material now available.

JUSTIN H. MOORE.

New York City, 1920.

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The World Beyond

WHOEVER WOULD SAVE HIS LIFE SHALL LOSE IT

Death is a Process of Adaptation and is the Price of Sex

Creatures composed of a single cell, protophytes and protozoa, algae and unicellular mushrooms, with a minimum of differentiation, escape the necessity of death. . . . They are infinitely vulnerable, fragile and perishable; myriads die at every instant. But their death is not ordained by fate. They may succumb to accidents, but never to old age.

Imagine one of these creatures placed in a culture-medium favorable to the full exercise of his activities, and of large enough extent so as not to be affected by the tiny quantities of materials which the animal may draw from it or excrete into it. Let it be, for example, an infusoria in the ocean. In these invariable surroundings the creature lives, grows and enlarges incessantly. When he has attained the limits of size fixed by his own specific laws, he divides in two parts equal in all respects to each other. He allows one of these halves to colonize in his vicinity and himself

begins again the same evolution all over. There is no reason why the transaction should not be indefinitely repeated, since nothing has changed either in the surrounding nor in the animal himself. . . .

Thus immortality belongs in principle to all the protista whose reproduction takes place by means of simple and equal division. If we note that these rudimentary organisms, endowed with perennial existence, must be the first living forms that appeared on the surface of the globe, and that they doubtless long preceded other creatures, the polycellular organisms which, on the contrary, had to undergo decay, the conclusion to be drawn is very apparent: namely, that life long existed without death. Death has been a phenomenon of adaptation appearing in the course of the ages as a consequence of the evolution of species.

It may be asked at what moment of the history of our globe, at what period in the evolution of fauna, this novelty, death, made its appearance. The famous experiments of Maupas upon the senescence of infusoria seems to permit of a precise answer to this question. Relying upon these experiments, we may say that death must have appeared as a kind of convoy along with sexual reproduction. Death became possible when this process of generation was established,

not in all its fullness, but in its humblest beginnings, under the rudimentary forms of unequal division and conjugation. And this came when the infusoria began to people the waters.

A. Dastre, "La Vie et la Mort," p. 326, Paris, 1916.

BUT I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN AND YOUR HEART SHALL REJOICE

The Land of the Dead

The Aztecs of Mexico belong to the great Nihautl stock of Western North America, whose institutions, language and aristocracy were well-nigh exterminated by the Spanish conquistadores. Only a few songs and legends have been saved from oblivion.

Weeping, I, the singer, weave my song of flowers, of sadness; I call to memory the youths, the shards, the fragments, gone to the land of the dead; once noble and powerful here on earth, the youths were dried up like feathers, were split into fragments like an emerald, before the face and in the sight of those who saw them on earth, and with the knowledge of the Cause of All.

Alas! alas! I sing in grief as I recall the children. Would that I could turn back again; would that I could grasp their hands once more; would that I could call them forth from the land of the dead; would that we could bring them again on earth, that they might rejoice and we rejoice, and that they might rejoice and delight the Giver of Life; is it possible that we His

servants should reject Him or should be ungrateful? Thus I weep in my heart as I, the singer, review my memories, recalling things sad and grievous.

Would only that I knew they could hear me, there in the land of the dead, were I to sing some worthy song. Would that I could gladden them, that I could console the suffering and the torment of the children. How can it be learned? Whence can I draw the inspiration? They are not where I may follow them; neither can I reach them with my calling as one here on earth.

D. G. Brinton, "Ancient Nihuatl Poetry," p. 73.

THE NIGHT COMETH WHEN NO MAN CAN WORK

Death is Near

Every Egyptian mummy-case has a pair of eyes painted on the exterior so that the wandering *ka* or soul may return and find its previous body. A curious dialogue is extant of a misanthrope talking with his soul, some fifteen centuries before Job.

Death is before me today
Like the recovery of a sick man,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness.

Death is before me today
Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under the sail on a windy day.

Death is before me today
Like the odor of lotus flowers,
Like sitting on the shore of drunkenness.

Death is before me today
Like the course of the freshet,
Like the return of a man from the war-galley to
his house.

Death is before me today
Like the clearing of the sky,
Like a man fowling therein toward that which
he knew not.

Death is before me today
As a man longs to see his house
When he has spent years in captivity.

J. H. Breasted, "Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt," p. 195, Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 1912.

AND IN THE WORLD TO COME, LIFE EVERLASTING

Prayer to Osiris for Everlasting Life

At an early date in Egypt, the god Osiris became the friend and comforter who would sustain the wraith-like souls in the underworld and keep guard over them until the resurrection.

Homage to thee, O my divine father Osiris, thou livest with thy members. Thou didst not decay. Thou didst not turn into worms. Thou didst not waste away. Thou didst not suffer corruption. Thou didst not putrefy. I am the god Khepera, and my members shall have an everlasting existence. I shall not decay. I shall not rot. I shall not putrefy. I shall not turn into worms. I shall not see corruption before the eye of the god Shu. I shall have my being, I shall have being. I shall live, I shall live. I shall flourish, I shall flourish. I shall wake up in peace. I shall not putrefy. My inward parts shall not perish. I shall not suffer injury. Mine eye shall not decay. The form of my visage shall not disappear. Mine ear shall not become deaf. My head shall not be sepa-

rated from my neck. My tongue shall not be carried away. My hair shall not be cut off. Mine eyebrows shall not be shaved off. No baleful injury shall come upon me. My body shall be established, and it shall neither crumble away nor be destroyed on this earth.

E. A. Wallis Budge, "The Literature of the Ancient Egyptians," p. 55.

HE ASKED THEM: DO YE NOW BELIEVE?

Wek-Wek Returns from the Underworld

Fifty-four different American Indian languages are known, with various dialects thereof in addition. In civilization the American Indians belonged to the Stone Age. The Mewan tribe live to-day on government reservations in California.

After Wek-wek had sent his sister home he stayed near the caves below Koo-loo-te and dug holes in the sand and found roots and seeds that were good to eat. In digging he came to a very deep hole which led down under the world; he went down this hole and when he reached the underworld found other people there, and got a wife with a little boy. Besides his wife there were To-to-kon the Sandhill Crane, Wah-ah the Heron, Cha-poo-kah-lah the Blackbird, and others.

To-to-kon the Sandhill Crane was chief. When he saw Wek-wek he said, "What shall we do with this man? he is lost; we had better kill him."

Wek-wek saw a man made ready with his bow and arrow, and invited him to come and eat. The man came and ate, and when his belly was full went back.

Captain To-to-kon said, "I didn't send you to eat,

but to kill him." Then he sent another, and Wek-wek asked him also to come and eat, and he did as the other had done. Then Captain To-to-kon sent two men together to kill him, but Wek-wek called them both to come and eat, and they did so. Then To-to-kon was angry; he sent no more men but went himself and took his bow and arrow.

Wek-wek said to him, "Come in," whereupon To-to-kon shot his arrow but missed.

Then Wek-wek came out and faced the people. They fired all their arrows but could not kill him. Wek-wek said, "You can't kill me with arrows. Have you a pot big enough to hold me?"

"Yes," they answered.

"Then set it up and put me in it," he said.

And they did as they were told and put Wek-wek in the hot pot and put the cover on. When he was burned they took out the burnt bones and buried them in the ground.

Ah-ut the Crow missed his uncle and went to his uncle's partner, Hoo-loo-e, who was in the hole crying, and asked where Wek-wek was. Hoo-loo-e pointed down the hole. Ah-ut went down and found the rancheria of the underworld people and killed them all. He then asked Wek-wek's wife where Wek-wek was.

She answered that the people had burned and buried him.

Wek-wek stayed in the ground five days and then came to life; he came out and asked his wife where the people were. She told him that Ah-ut had come and killed them all. "That is too bad," he exclaimed, "I wanted to show them what kind of man I am." Then he said she should stay there and he would take the boy and go home.

She answered, "All right."

Then he shot his arrow up through the hole and caught hold of it, and held the boy also, and the arrow carried them both up to the upper world.

C. Hart Merriam, "Dawn of the World," p. 197, Cleveland, 1910. (Copyright: The Arthur H. Clark Co., by Permission.)

BE IT UNTO THEE EVEN AS THOU WILT

None Shall Abide

In Southern India live the Tamil people who probably are descended from an aboriginal race native to that country at the time of the great Aryan Invasion from the Northwest (in the second millennium B. C.). Current to-day are many quatrains of great literary beauty, although filled with resignation and despair.

The things of which you said, "they stand, they stand," stand not; mark this, and perform what befits, yea! what befits, with all your power! Your days are gone, are gone! and death close pressing on is come, is come!

When you have gained and hold in hand any single thing, retain it not with the thought, "This will serve some other day!" Those who have given betimes shall escape the desert road along which death, an unyielding foe, drags his captives away.

Severed are the ties of friendship; love's bonds are loosened too; then look within and say, what profit is there in this joyous life of thine? The cry comes up as from a sinking ship!

My mother bare me, left me here, and went to seek her mother, who in the selfsame manner has gone in search; and thus in ceaseless round goes on the mother-quest. Such is the grace this world affords!

As the measure of your days the shining orb each day unfailing rises; so before your joyous days have passed away, perform ye fitting deeds of grace; for none abide on earth.

To him, who, although he sees them bear the corpse to the burning ground, while friends in troops loudly lament, boldly asserts that wedded life is bliss on earth, the funeral drum speaks out, and mocks his vain utterance.

When the soul that, taking its stand in this skin-clad frame, has fully wrought its works and partaken of life's experiences, has gone forth, what matters it whether you attach ropes to the body and drag it away, or carefully bury it, or throw it aside in any place you light upon, or if many revile the departed?

Like a bubble, that in pelting rain appears full oft, and disappears, is this our frame. So sages have judged, steadfast in wisdom, and have decided to end this dubious strife. On this wide earth who equal these?

Those who've gained and held fast by this well-

knit frame should take the gain the body they have gained is intended to yield. Like a cloud that wanders over the hills, the body here appears, and abiding not, departs leaving no trace behind.

Considering that all things are transient as the dew-drop on the tip of a blade of grass, now, now at once, do virtuous deeds! "Even now he stood, he sat, he fell,—while his kindred cried aloud, he died;" such is man's history!

Unasked men come, appear in the home as kinsmen, and then silently go. As the bird silently deserts the tree where its nest yet remains, and goes far off, so these leave but their body to their friends.

Though worthless men untaught should fret my soul and rave of teeth like jasmine buds and pearls, shall I forego my fixed resolve, who have seen in the burning ground those bones—the fallen teeth—strewn round for all to see?

The skulls of the dead, at the sight of which the gazer fears, with deep cavernous eyes appear, and grinning say to those who still survive, "Guard well! In virtue's path stand fast. This is the body's grace and worth."

The skulls of the dead, grinning so as to excite disgust, cure the vain lovers of life of their folly. Those

who are cured of this folly, seeing the skulls in the burning ground, say " such is this body," and so value themselves as nothing.

G. V. Pope, Naladiyar, " Quatrains in Tamil."

BECAUSE I LIVE, YE SHALL LIVE ALSO

When First Separated from the Body

Zoroastrians believe that fire, earth, water and air are sacred and therefore not to be polluted by dead bodies. To dispose of them, recourse is had to the "Towers of Silence" in Bombay, where the bodies are exposed to birds of prey. The bones are later collected and restored to the relatives.

When the dogs and birds tear the corpse does the soul know it, and does it occur uncomfortably for it, or how is it?

The reply is this, that the pain occasioned by the tearing and gnawing so galls the body of men that, though the soul were abiding with the body, such soul, which one knows is happy and immortal, would then depart from the body, along with the animating life, the informing consciousness, and the remaining resources of life.

The body is inert, unmoving, and not to be galled; and at last no pain whatever galls it, nor is it perceived; and the soul, with the life, is outside of the body, and is not unsafe as regards its gnawing, but through the spiritual perception it sees and knows it.

That which is wicked is then again desirous of its bodily existence, and saith: "In my bodily existence and worldly progress there was no atonement for sin and no accumulation of righteousness and in the prosperity which this body of mine had, it would have been possible for me to atone for sin and to save the soul, but now I am separated from every one and from the joy of the world, which is great hope of spiritual life; and I have attained to the perplexing account and more serious danger." And the gnawing becomes as grievous to it, on account of that body, as a closely-shut arsenal and a concealed innermost garment are useless among those with limbs provided with weapons and accoutrements, and are destroyed.

And the consciousness of men, as it sits three nights outside of the body, in the vicinity of the body, has to remember and expect that which is truly fear and trouble unto the demons, and reward, peace, and glad tidings unto the spirits of the good; and, on account of the dispersion and injuring of the body, it utters a cry spiritually thus: "Why do the dogs and birds gnaw this organized body, when still at last the body and life unite together at the raising of the dead?" And this is the reminding of the resurrection and liberation, and it becomes the happiness and hope of the spirit of

the body and the other good spirits, and the fear and vexation of the demons and fiends.

The spirit of the body, on account of being the spiritual life for the heart in the body, is indestructible; so is the will which resided therein, even when they shall release it from its abode.

E. W. West, "Dadistani-Dinik," p. 86.

THERE SHALL BE WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH

The Various Hells

Hell is a familiar conception to most of the world's religious systems. It is found in all possible classifications of dreadfulness and generally resembles the Christian hell, save that the latter is everlasting and, on the whole, hotter. Following is a typical Hindu passage:

Now follow the hells. They are called: darkness; complete darkness; a place of howling; a place of much howling; a thread of time or death; great hell; a restoring to life; waveless; burning; parching; pressing together; ravens; bud; stinking clay; iron-spiked; a frying-pan; rough or uneven roads; thorny Salmali trees; a flame river; a sword-leaved forest; iron fetters.

In each of those hells successively criminals in the highest degree, who have not performed the penance prescribed for their crime, are tormented for an æon of time.

There they are devoured by dogs and jackals, by hawks, crows, herons, cranes, and other carnivorous

animals, by bears and other animals having fire in their mouth, and by serpents and scorpions.

They are scorched by blazing fire, pierced by thorns, divided into parts by saws, and tormented by thirst. They are agitated by hunger and by fearful troops of tigers, and faint away at every step on account of the foul stenches proceeding from pus and from blood. Here they are boiled in oil, and there pounded with pestles, or ground in iron or stone vessels. Enveloped in terrible darkness, they are devoured by worms and jackals and other horrible animals having flames in their mouth.

Again they are tormented by frost, or have to step through unclean things such as excrements, or the departed spirits eat one another, driven to distraction by hunger.

In another place, walking upon thorns, and their bodies being encircled by snakes, they are tormented with grinding machines, and dragged on by their knees.

Their backs, heads, and shoulders are fractured, the necks of these poor beings are not stouter than a needle, and their bodies, of a size fit for a hut only, are unable to bear torments.

Having thus been tormented in the hells and suffered most acute pain, the sinners have to endure fur-

ther pangs in their migration through animal bodies. Now after having suffered the torments inflicted in the hells, the evil-doers pass into animal bodies. Criminals in the highest degree enter the bodies of all plants successively. Mortal sinners enter the bodies of worms or insects. Minor offenders enter the bodies of birds.

Criminals in the fourth degree enter the bodies of aquatic animals.

Those who have committed a crime effecting loss of caste, enter the bodies of amphibious animals. Those who have committed a crime degrading to a mixed caste, enter the bodies of deer. Those who have committed a crime rendering them unworthy to receive alms, enter the bodies of cattle. Those who have committed a crime causing defilement, enter the bodies of low-caste men such as Kandalas, who may not be touched.

One who has eaten the food of one whose food may not be eaten, or forbidden food, becomes a worm or insect. A thief of other property than gold, becomes a falcon. One who has appropriated a broad passage, becomes a serpent or other animal living in holes.

One who has stolen grain, becomes a rat.

One who has stolen water, becomes a water-fowl.

One who has stolen honey, becomes a gad-fly.

One who has stolen milk, becomes a crow.

One who has stolen juice of the sugar-cane or other plants, becomes a dog.

One who has stolen clarified butter, becomes an ichneumon.

One who has stolen meat, becomes a vulture.

One who has stolen fat, becomes a cormorant.

One who has stolen oil, becomes a cockroach.

(Follows a long list of other thefts and punishments.)

Women, who have committed similar thefts, receive the same ignominious punishment; they become females to those male animals.

J. Jolly, "Institutes of Vishnu," p. 140.

AND IF SATAN RISE UP AGAINST HIMSELF, AND BE DIVIDED, HE CANNOT STAND, BUT HATH AN END

Ministers of Evil

The following legendary account of the Master's temptation just before his enlightenment under the Bodhi tree is taken from the life of Buddha by Asvagosha (first century A. D.). Asvagosha was the St. Paul of the Mahayana school in which form Buddhism, greatly modified since its founder's time, was adopted by China, Korea and Japan, lasting to this day.

"Now must I assemble my army-host, and press him sore by force." Having thought thus awhile, The Tempter's army suddenly assembled round;

Each severally assumed his own peculiar form; some were holding spears, others grasping swords, others snatching up trees, others wielding diamond maces; thus were they armed with every sort of weapon;

Some had heads like hogs, others like fishes, others like asses, others like horses; some with forms like snakes or like the ox or savage tiger; lion-headed, dragon-headed, and like every other kind of beast;

Some had many heads on one body-trunk, with faces

having but a single eye, and then again with many eyes; some with great-bellied mighty bodies. And others thin and skinny, bellyless; others long-legged, mighty-kneed; others big-shanked and fat-calved; some with long and claw-like nails. Some were headless, breastless, faceless; some with two feet and many bodies; some with big faces looking every way; some pale and ashy-colored. Others were colored like the bright rising star, others steaming fiery vapor, some with ears like elephants, with humps like mountains, some with naked forms covered with hair. Some with leather skins for clothing, their faces party-colored, crimson and white; some with tiger skins as robes, some with snake skins over them.

Some with tinkling bells around their waists, others with twisted screw-like hair, others with hair dishevelled covering the body.

Others body-snatchers, some dancing and shrieking awhile, some jumping onwards with their feet together, some striking one another as they went.

Others waving, wheeling round, in the air, others flying and leaping between the trees, others howling, or hooting, or screaming, or whining, with their evil noises shaking the great earth;

Thus this wicked goblin troop encircled on its four

sides the Bodhi tree; some bent on tearing his body to pieces, others on devouring it whole;

From the four sides flames belched forth, and fiery steam ascended up to heaven; tempestuous winds arose on every side; the mountain forests shook and quaked;

Wind, fire, and steam, with dust combined, produced a pitchy darkness, rendering all invisible.

Fiercely staring, grinning with their teeth, flying tumultuously, bounding here and there; but Bodhisattva (Gotama, before his enlightenment under the Tree of Knowledge), silently beholding them, watched them as one would watch the games of children.

S. Beal, "Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king," p. 150.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD COMETH NOT WITH OBSERVATION

Karma, the Law of Consequences

Karma, the law of consequences, according to Brahman and Buddhist, reached into the next world wherein each person evolved in high or low station depending on his merits. Since human existence is fundamentally evil, the sin of suicide, for example, is taught to be especially heinous, because it prolongs the round of rebirths in punishment. But no sin is sufficiently wicked to impose the penalty of everlasting life.

An impending evil cannot be averted even by a hundred precautions; what reason then for you to complain?

Even as a calf finds his mother among a thousand cows, an act formerly done is sure to find the perpetrator.

Of existing beings the beginning is unknown, the middle of their career is known, and the end again unknown; what reason then for you to complain?

As the body of mortals undergoes successively the vicissitudes of infancy, youth, and old age, even so will it be transformed into another body hereafter; a sensible man is not mistaken about that.

As a man puts on new clothes in this world, throwing aside those which he formerly wore, even so the self of man puts on new bodies, which are in accordance with his acts in a former life.

No weapons will hurt the self of man, no fire burn it, no waters moisten it, and no wind dry it up.

It is not to be hurt, not to be burnt, not to be moistened, and not to be dried up; it is imperishable, perpetual, unchanging, immovable, without beginning.

It is further said to be immaterial, passing all thought, and immutable. Knowing the self of man to be such, you must not grieve for the destruction of his body.

J. Jolly, "Institutes of Vishnu," p. 82.

BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

When the Body Dies

The Brahmans, unlike the Buddhists, believed in the existence of the soul. Each soul was interpenetrated by its *karma* or the heredity of its personal actions. In this sense the world beyond was merely the continuation of this present life.

And then he heaves a very deep and alarming gasp, and makes the unconscious body quiver as he goes out of it. That soul, dropping out of the body, is surrounded on both sides by his own actions, his own pure and meritorious, as also his sinful ones. Brahmans, possessed of knowledge, whose convictions are correctly formed from sacred learning, know him by his marks as one who has performed meritorious actions or the reverse. As those who have eyes see a glow-worm disappear here and there in darkness, so likewise do those who have eyes of knowledge. Such a soul, the pious *illuminati* see with a divine eye, departing from the body, or coming to the birth, or entering into a womb. . . . This world is the world of actions, where creatures dwell. All embodied selfs, having

here performed good or evil actions, obtain the fruit. It is here they obtain higher or lower enjoyments by their own actions. And it is those whose actions here are evil, who by their actions go to hell.

K. T. Telang, "Anugita," p. 239.

THIS IS YOUR HOUR AND THE POWER OF DARKNESS

Hell a State of Mind

The Zoroastrian trinity of thoughts, words and deeds may belong to the Good Spirit (Auharmazd) or to the Evil Spirit (Aharman). Since humans could guide their own activities into either channel, the attainment of heaven and hell was a question of mental choice.

Of hell the first part is that of evil thoughts, the second is that of evil words, and the third is that of evil deeds. With the fourth step the wicked person arrives at that which is the darkest hell; and they lead him forwards to the vicinity of Aharman, the wicked one. And Aharman and the demons, thereupon, make ridicule and mockery of him thus: "What was thy trouble and complaint, as regards Auharmazd and the archangels, and the fragrant and joyful heaven, when thou approachedst for a sight of us and gloomy hell, although we cause thee misery therein and do not pity, and thou shalt see misery of long duration?" And, afterwards, they execute punishment and torment of various kinds upon him.

There is a place where, as to cold, it is such as that of the coldest frozen snow. There is a place where, as to heat, it is such as that of the hottest and most blazing fire. There is a place where noxious creatures are gnawing them, just as a dog does the bones. There is a place where, as to stench, it is such that they stagger about and fall down. And the darkness is always such-like as though it is possible for them to seize upon it with the hand.

E. W. West, "Dinai Mainog-i Khirad," pp. 30–32.

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO

Sin not Fully Realized Until After Death

Underneath the dogmas of the later Zoroastrians, one finds a groping consciousness that the individual mind, when freed at death from the trammels of selfhood, can better apprehend the wide-spreading influence of past sins.

When he who is righteous passes away, where is the place the soul sits the first night, the second, and the third; and what does it do?

The reply is this, that thus it is said, that the soul of man, itself the spirit of the body, after passing away, is three nights upon earth, doubtful about its own position, and in fear of the account; and it experiences terror, distress, and fear. And as it sits it notices about its own good works and sin. And the soul, which in a manner belongs to that same spirit of the body which is alike experiencing and alike touching it, becomes acquainted by sight with the sin which it has committed, and the good works which it has scantily done.

And the first night from its own good thoughts, the

second night from its good words, and the third night from its good deeds it obtains pleasure for the soul. . . .

For the remaining sin it undergoes punishment . . . and the evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds are atoned for; and with the good thoughts, good words, and good deeds of its own commendable and pleasing spirit it steps forward unto the supreme heaven, or to heaven, or to the ever-stationary of the righteous, there where there is a place for it in righteousness.

To commit no sin is better than retribution and renunciation of sin.

E. W. West, "Dadistani-Dinik," pp. 58 and 139.

I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER

Life Stained by Sin

The after-consequences of evil and the resulting hindrance to the soul's progress are beautifully shown in the greatest Latin poem, Vergil's Æneid.

One Life through all the immense creation runs,
One Spirit is the moon's, the sea's, the sun's;
All forms in the air that fly, on the earth that creep,
And the unknown nameless monsters of the deep,—
Each breathing thing obeys one Mind's control,
And in all substance is a single Soul.
First to each seed a fiery force is given;
And every creature was begot in heaven;
Only their flight must hateful flesh delay
And gross limbs moribund and cumbering clay.
So from that hindering prison and night forlorn
Thy hopes and fears, thy joy and woes are born,
Who only seest, till death dispart thy gloom,
The true world glow through crannies of a tomb.
Nor all at once thine ancient ills decay,
Nor quite with death thy plagues are purged away;

In wondrous wise hath the iron entered in,
And through and through thee is a stain of sin;
Which yet again in wondrous wise must be
Cleansed of the fire, abolished in the sea;
Ay, thro' and thro' that soul unclothed must go
Such spirit-winds as where they list will blow;—
O hovering many an age! for ages bare,
Void in the void and impotent in air!
Then, since his sins unshriven the sinner wait,
And to each soul that soul herself is Fate,
Few to heaven's many mansions straight are sped
Past without blame that Judgment of the dead,
The most shall mourn till tarrying Time hath wrought
The extreme deliverance of the airy thought,—
Hath left unsoiled by fear or foul desire
The spirit's self, the elemental fire.
And last to Lethe's stream on the ordered day
These all God summoneth in great array;
Who from that draught reborn, no more shall know
Memory of past or dread of destined woe,
But all shall there the ancient pain forgive,
Forget their life, and will again to live.

F. W. H. Myers, "Essays Classical," p. 173.

I AM COME THAT YE *MAY* HAVE LIFE EVERLASTING

Not Everyone Shall Have Eternal Life

Contemporary with Luther, lived the greatest mediæval reformer of India, the revered Guru Nanak (1469–1538), who founded the religion of the Sikhs. Its lofty monotheism impressed Hindus and Mohammedans alike. Nanak, like Goethe, held that only those possessed of divine knowledge could attain the world beyond.

In the briny unfathomable ocean the fish did not recognize the net.

Why did the clever and beautiful fish have so much confidence? For they were caught and perished.

Oh, my brethren, death cannot be averted. Like an unseen net it hangeth over your heads.

The whole world is in its toils. Who but the Master can bid death begone?

They who are imbued with the True One, and have abandoned worthless mammon, are saved.

I am a sacrifice unto those who are found true at the gate of the True One.

Death is like the hawk among the birds, or the noose of the fowler.

They whom the Master preserved have been saved; all others are ensnared.

They who possess not God's name shall be rejected; no one will assist them.

God is the truest of the true; in His High Place only truth can dwell.

They who obey the True One meditate on Him in their hearts.

Even the wicked who obtain divine knowledge from the Master can be made pure.

Make supplication unto Him to unite thee with the Friend.

When man meeteth the Friend he obtaineth happiness and the myrmidons of death poison themselves.

Thou, O God, art the Friend; it is Thou who unitest men with Thee.

M. A. Macauliffe, "The Sikh Religion," Vol. 1, p. 134, Oxford University Press, 1909.

IF THOU WILT ENTER INTO LIFE KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS

Love the Condition of Immortality

The deep yearning shown in China toward one's ancestors led, here and there, toward the conception of love as the bond between the living and the dead, whereby communion might be possible.

The rites of mourning are the extreme expression of grief and sorrow. The graduated reduction of that expression in accordance with the natural changes of time and feeling was made by the superior men, mindful of those to whom we owe our being.

Calling the soul back is the way in which love receives its consummation, and has in it the mind which is expressed by prayer. The looking for it to return from the dark region is a way of seeking for it among the spiritual beings. The turning the face to the north springs from the idea of its being in the dark region.

J. Leggi, "Li Ki, Texts of Confucianism," pt. 3, p. 167.

NEITHER CAN THEY DIE ANY MORE

The Old Persian Worship

In the Avesta, the Zoroastrian bible, it is taught that every individual has an immortal counterpart. This ideal, spiritual body was called *fravashi,* rendered "memory" in the following poem. These "memories" peopled the world to come.

We worship the memories of all the holy men and holy women whose souls are worthy of sacrifice, whose memories are worthy of invocation.

We worship the memories of all the holy men and holy women, our sacrificing to whom makes us good in the eyes of God; of all of those we have heard that Zarathustra (i. e. Zoroaster) is the first and best, as a follower of God and as a performer of the law.

We worship the spirit, conscience, perception, soul, and memory of men of the primitive law, of the first who listened to the teaching of God, holy men and holy women, who struggled for holiness; we worship the spirit, conscience, perception, soul, and memory of our next-of-kin, holy men and holy women, who struggled for holiness.

We worship the men of the primitive law in all

houses, boroughs, towns, and countries, who obtained all the perfections of goodness.

We worship Zarathustra, the lord and master of all the material world, the man of the primitive law; wisest of all beings, best-ruling, brightest, most glorious, most worthy of sacrifice, most worthy of prayer and of propitiation, whom we call well-desired and worthy of sacrifice and prayer as much as any being can be, in the perfection of his holiness.

We worship this earth;

We worship those heavens;

We worship those good things that stand between the earth and the heavens and that are worthy of sacrifice and prayer and are to be worshipped by the faithful man.

We worship the souls of the wild beasts and of the tame.

We worship the souls of the holy men and women, born at any time, whose consciences struggle, or will struggle, or have struggled, for the good.

We worship the spirit, conscience, perception, soul, and memory of the holy men and holy women who struggle, will struggle, or have struggled, and teach the Law, and who have struggled for holiness.

The memories of the faithful, awful and overpower-

ing, awful and victorious; the memories of the men of the primitive law; the memories of the next-of-kin; may these memories come satisfied into this house; may they walk satisfied through this house!

May they, being satisfied, bless this house and leave it satisfied! May they carry back from here hymns and worship to the Maker, and the Good Spirits! May they not leave this house of us, the worshippers of God, complaining!

I bless the sacrifice and prayer, and the strength and vigor of the awful, overpowering memories of the faithful; of the memories of the men of the primitive law; of the memories of the next-of-kin.

Give unto us brightness and glory, . . . give us the bright, all-happy, blissful abode of the holy Ones.

J. Darmesteter, "Favardin yast, The Zend-Avesta," pt. 2, 228.

BETWEEN US AND YOU THERE IS A GREAT GULF FIXED

The Buddha's Rest

At the age of eighty, India's greatest religious teacher passed away (probably about 483 B. C.) and was cremated. He went to no world beyond, it is believed, because he had attained Nirvana or extinction of desire.

When the Blessed One died, Sakka, at the moment of his passing away from existence, uttered this stanza:

They're transient all, each being's parts and powers,
Growth is their nature, and decay.
They are produced, they are dissolved again;
And then is best, when they have sunk to rest!

When the Blessed One died, the venerable Anuruddha, at the moment of his passing away from existence, uttered these stanzas:

When he who from all craving want was free,
Who to Nirvana's tranquil state had reached,
When the great sage finished his span of life,
No gasping struggle vexed that steadfast heart!

All resolute, and with unshaken mind,
He calmly triumphed o'er the pain of death.
E'en as a bright flame dies away, so was
His last deliverance from the bonds of life!

T. W. Rhys Davids, "Maha-parinibbana sutta," p. 117.

NEITHER CAN THEY PASS TO US, THAT WOULD COME FROM THENCE

Survival of Consciousness

The godlessness of the Hinayana school of Buddhism led to the founding of the Mahayana school, which has proved far more vital. It is interesting that the *Milinda-panha* or "Questions of King Milinda" is the only Mahayana book which is held in reverence by orthodox members of the older school.

The king said: "He who is born, Nagasena, does he remain the same or become another?"

"Neither the same nor another."

"Give me an illustration."

"Now what do you think, O king? You were once a baby, a tender thing, and small in size, lying flat on your back. Was that the same as you who are now grown up?"

"No. That child was one, I am another."

"If you are not that child, it will follow that you have had neither mother nor father, no! nor teacher. You cannot have been taught either learning, or behavior, or wisdom. What, great king! is the mother of the embryo in the first stage different from the

mother of the embryo in the second stage, or the third, or the fourth? Is the mother of the baby a different person from the mother of the grown-up man? Is the person who goes to school one, and the same when he has finished his schooling another? Is it one who commits a crime, another who is punished by having his hands or feet cut off?"

"Certainly not. But what would you, Sir, say to that?"

The Elder replied: "I should say that I am the same person, now I am grown up, as I was when I was a tender tiny baby, flat on my back. For all these states are included in one by means of this body."

"Give me an illustration."

"Suppose a man, O king, were to light a lamp, would it burn the night through?"

"Yes, it might do so."

"Now, is it the same flame that burns in the first watch of the night, Sir, and in the second?" "No."

"Or the same that burns in the second watch and in the third?" "No."

"Then is there one lamp in the first watch and another in the second, and another in the third?"

"No. The light comes from the same lamp all the night through."

"Just so, O king, is the continuity of a person or thing maintained. One comes into being, another passes away; and the rebirth is, as it were, simultaneous. Thus neither as the same nor as another does a man go on to the last phase of his self-consciousness. It is like milk, which when once taken from the cow, turns, after a lapse of time, first to curds, and then from curds to butter, and then from butter to ghee. Now would it be right to say that the milk was the same thing as the curds, or the butter, or the ghee?"

"Certainly not; but they are produced out of it."

"Just so is the continuity of a person or thing maintained. One comes into being, another passes away; and the rebirth is, as it were, simultaneous. Thus neither as the same nor as another does a man go on to the last phase of his self-consciousness."

The king then asked: "He who has intelligence, has he also wisdom?"

"Yes, great king."

"What; are they both the same?"

"Yes."

"Then would he, with his intelligence—which, you say, is the same as wisdom—be still in bewilderment or not?"

"In regard to some things, yes; in regard to others, no."

"What would he be in bewilderment about?"

"He would still be in bewilderment as to those parts of learning he had not learnt, as to those countries he had not seen, and as to those names or terms he had not heard."

"And wherein would he not be in bewilderment?"

"As regards that which has been accomplished by insight—(the perception, that is,) of the impermanence of all beings, of the suffering inherent in individuality, and of the non-existence of any soul."

"Then what would have become of his delusions on those points?"

"When intelligence has once arisen, that moment delusion has died away."

"Give me an illustration."

"It is like the lamp, which when a man has brought into a darkened room, then the darkness would vanish away, and light would appear."

"And what, Nagasena, on the other hand, has then become of his wisdom?"

"When the reasoning wisdom has affected that which it has to do, then the reasoning ceases to go on. But that which has been acquired by means of it re-

mains,—the knowledge, to wit, of the impermanence of every being, of the suffering inherent in individuality, and of the absence of any soul."

"Give me an illustration, reverend Sir, of what you have last said."

"It is as when a man wants, during the night, to send a letter, and after having his clerk called, has a lamp lit, and gets the letter written. Then, when that has been done, he extinguishes the lamp. But though the lamp had been put out the writing would still be there. Thus does reasoning cease, and knowledge remain."

T. W. Rhys Davids, "Questions of King Milinda," pt. 1, p. 65.

WHAT IS A MAN PROFITED, IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?

There is no Soul

In the same historical romance is also seen how the later Buddhists wrestled with the theological doctrine of transmigration, whose evils lead to the postulate that there is no soul.

The king said: "Where there is no transmigration, Nagasena, can there be rebirth?"

"Yes, there can."

"But how can that be? Give me an illustration."

"Suppose a man, O king, were to light a lamp from another lamp, can it be said that the one transmigrates from, or to, the other?"

"Certainly not."

"Just so, great king, is rebirth without transmigration. Do you recollect having learnt, when you were a boy, some verse or other from your teacher?"

"Yes, I recollect that."

"Well, then, did that verse transmigrate from your teacher?"

"Certainly not."

"Just so, great king, is rebirth without transmigration."

"Very good, Nagasena!"

The king said: "Is there such a thing, Nagasena, as the soul?"

"In the highest sense, O king, there is no such thing."

"Very good, Nagasena!"

T. W. Rhys Davids, "Questions of King Milinda," pt. 1, p. 111.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO HIM THAT BELIEVETH

What the Senses do not Reveal Cannot Exist

In Jainism, originating at the same time as Buddhism, and adhered to to-day by a million five hundred thousand people, the same negation of the soul is proclaimed.

The whole soul lives; when this body is dead, it does not live. It lasts as long as the body lasts, it does not outlast the destruction of the body. With the body, ends life. Other men carry the corpse away to burn it. When it has been consumed by fire, only dove-colored bones remain, and the four bearers return with the hearse to their village. Therefore there is and exists no soul different from the body. Those who believe that there is and exists no such soul speak the truth. Those who maintain that the soul is something different from the body, cannot tell whether the soul as separated from the body is long or small, whether globular or circular or triangular or square or sexagonal or octagonal or long, whether black or blue or red or yellow or white, whether of sweet smell or of

bad smell, whether bitter or pungent or astringent or sour or sweet, whether hard or soft or heavy or light or cold or hot or smooth or rough. Those, therefore, who believe that there is and exists no soul, speak the truth.

H. Jacobi, "Sutrakritanga," p. 340.

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE GRIEF

The Soul Liveth

A possible reason why Buddhism lost its hold on India was because it went counter to the deep-seated instinct that there is a soul. The latter belief animates the Bhagavadgita, a poem (probably antedating the Buddha) sung to-day by millions.

As a man, casting off old clothes, puts on others and new ones, so the embodied self casting off old bodies, goes to others and new ones. Weapons do not divide it into pieces; fire does not burn it; waters do not moisten it; the wind does not dry it up. It is not divisible; it is not combustible; it is not to be moistened; it is not to be dried up. It is everlasting, all-pervading, stable, firm, and eternal. It is said to be unperceived, to be unthinkable, to be unchangeable. Therefore knowing it to be such, you ought not to grieve. But even if you think that it is constantly born, and constantly dies, still, you ought not to grieve thus. For to one that is born, death is certain; and to one that dies, birth is certain. Therefore about this unavoidable thing you ought not to grieve. One looks upon the self as a wonder; another similarly speaks of

it as a wonder; another too hears of it as a wonder; and even after having heard of it, no one does really know it. This embodied self within every one's body is ever indestructible. Therefore you ought not to grieve for any being.

K. T. Telang, "Bhagavadgita," p. 45.

YET A LITTLE WHILE IS THE LIGHT WITH YOU

Faith as a Faculty

To the Persian mystics the soul was the flame of everlasting life, kindled by the creator of the human faculties. By its light, one can see beyond the veil.

He that is born blind believes not what you say of
colors,
Though you show him instances and proofs for a
century.
White and yellow and red and dark and light green
Are to him naught but darkest black.
See the evil plight of one blind from his birth,
Can he ever gain sight from the physician's eye salve?
Reason cannot see the state of the world to come,
As a man born blind cannot see things in this world.
But in addition to reason man has a certain faculty,
Whereby he perceives hidden mysteries.
Like fire in flint and steel,
God has placed this faculty in man's soul and body;
When that flint and steel are struck together,
The two worlds are illumined by the flash!

From that collision is this mystery made clear,
Now you have heard it, go and attend to your Self.
Your Self is a copy made in the image of God,
Seek in your Self all that you desire to know.

E. H. Whinfield, "Gulshan i Raz of Shabistari," p. 44.

He bringeth forth the living out of the dead, and He bringeth forth the dead out of the living; and He quickeneth the earth after its death. Thus it is that ye too shall be brought forth.

J. M. Rodwell, "Koran," Surah 30, 18.

He giveth wisdom to whom He will; and he to whom wisdom is given, hath much good given unto him; but none will bear it in mind, except those gifted with understanding hearts.

J. M. Rodwell, "Koran," Surah 2, 272.

THE SPIRIT OF YOUR FATHER WHICH SPEAKETH IN YOU

The Unseen Bond

Under the name of Amon, the Egyptians worshipped the holy spirit that pulses behind each individual soul both now and in the world beyond.

Praise to Amon!
I make hymns in his name,
I give to him praise,
To the height of heaven,
And the breadth of earth;
I tell of his prowess
To him who sails down-stream,
And to him who sails up-stream.

Beware of him!
Repeat it to son and daughter,
To great and small,
Tell it to generation after generation,
Who are not yet born.
Tell it to the fishes in the stream,
To the birds in the sky,

Repeat it to him who knoweth it not
And to him who knoweth it.

Thou, O Amon, art the lord of the silent,
Who cometh at the cry of the poor.
When I cry to thee in my affliction,
Then thou comest and savest me.
That thou mayest give breath to him who is
bowed down,
And mayest save me lying in bondage.
Thou, Amon-Re, Lord of Thebes, art he,
Who saveth him that is in the Nether World.
When men cry unto thee,
Thou art he that cometh from afar.

J. H. Breasted, "Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt," p. 350.

MARVEL NOT AT THIS

The Grave is the Curtain of Paradise

Greatest of the Sufis, the Persian religious mystics, was Jelal'uddin Rumi (1207-1273), to whom his passionate friend, Shamsi Tabriz, personified the Divine Beloved. Like Plotinus, Jelal in the following lines holds that death means the achievement of perfect union.

When my bier moveth on the day of death,
Think not my heart is in this world.
Do not weep for me and cry "Woe, woe!"
Thou wilt fall in the devil's snare: that is woe.
When thou seest my hearse, cry not "Parted, parted!"
Union and meeting are mine in that hour.
If thou commit me to the grave, say not "Farewell, farewell!"
For the grave is a curtain hiding the communion of Paradise.
After beholding descent, consider resurrection;
Why should setting be injurious to the sun and moon?
To thee it seems a setting, but 'tis a rising;
Tho' the vault seems a prison, 'tis the release of the soul.

What seed went down into the earth but it grew?
Why this doubt of thine as regards the seed of man?
What bucket was lowered but it came out brimful?
Shut thy mouth on this side and open it beyond,
For in placeless air will be thy triumphal song.

R. A. Nicholson, "Divani Shamsi Tabriz," p. 95.

NO MAN HATH SEEN GOD AT ANY TIME

Omnipresent yet Elusive

Curiously parallel with Persian mysticism is the Chinese doctrine of the Perfect Tao,—The Way of God. Laotze (born about 604 B. C.) taught the importance of this immortal spirit of guidance.

The grandest forms of active force
From Tao come, their only source.
Who can of Tao the nature tell?
Our sight it flies, our touch as well.
Eluding sight, eluding touch,
The forms of things all in it crouch;
Eluding touch, eluding sight,
There are their semblances, all right.
Profound it is, dark and obscure;
Things' essences all there endure.
Those essences the truth enfold
Of what, when seen, shall then be told.
Now it is so; 'twas so of old.
Its name—what passes not away!
So, in their beautiful array,
Things form and never know decay.

J. Legge, "Tao Teh King, Texts of Taoism," pt. 1, p. 64.

THAT WHERE I AM THERE YE MAY BE ALSO

Beyond the Veil

One of the disciples of Plotinus (205–270 A. D.) after his death went to the oracle of Delphi to inquire "where was now Plotinus' soul?" The answer came through the Pythian priestess, who prophesied while in a kind of hypnotic trance. This poem is one of the most earnest utterances of antiquity.

Pure spirit—once a man—pure spirits now
Greet thee rejoicing, and of these art thou;
Not vainly was thy whole soul alway bent
With one same battle and one the same intent
Through eddying cloud and earth's bewildering roar
To win her bright way to that stainless shore.
Ay, 'mid the salt spume of this troublous sea,
This death in life, this sick perplexity,
Oft on thy struggle through the obscure unrest
A revelation opened from the Blest—
Showed close at hand the goal thy hope would win,
Heaven's kingdom round thee and thy God within.
So sure a help the eternal Guardians gave,
From life's confusion so were strong to save,

Upheld thy wandering steps that sought the day
And set them steadfast on the heavenly way.
Nor quite even here on thy broad brows was shed
The sleep which shrouds the living, who are dead;
Once by God's grace was from thine eyes unfurled
This veil that screens the immense and whirling world,
Once, while the spheres around thee in music ran,
Was very Beauty manifest to man;—
Ah, once to have seen her, once to have known her there,
For speech too sweet, for earth too heavenly fair!
But now the tomb where long thy soul had lain
Bursts, and thy tabernacle is rent in twain;
Now from about thee, in thy new home above,
Has perished all but life, and all but love,—
And on all lives and on all loves outpoured
Free grace and full, a Spirit from the Lord,
High in that heaven whose windless vaults enfold
Just men made perfect, and an age all gold.
Thine own Pythagoras is with thee there,
And sacred Plato in that sacred air,
And whoso followed, and all high hearts that knew
In death's despite what deathless Love can do.
To God's right hand they have scaled the starry way—
Pure spirits these, thy spirit pure as they.

Ah saint! how many and many an anguish past,
To how fair haven art thou come at last!
On thy meek head what Powers their blessing pour,
Filled full with life, and rich for evermore!

F. W. H. Myers, "Essays Classical," p. 98.

The Higher Knowledge

I AM COME THAT YE MAY HAVE LIFE AND MAY HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY

Genius and Inspiration

If reflection had to seek for the spiritual elements capable of mutually entwining themselves for the outgrowing expression of the master idea, then a work of art would be impossible. Consciousness does not shed its rays over the whole mind; it is not a distinct light of thought that enables one at will to find what is sought after, as in some treasure house of imagery and ideas. Consciousness is not a creative power; rather it is thought self-beholden and standing apart as witness of what is spontaneously wrought. The mind is a living thing composed of spiritual elements. The idea to which it may give itself is not distinguishable from the mind,—subject and object seeming as one; for as long as the mind cherishes this idea desiring it to the exclusion of all others, just so long the idea *is* the mind.

Life is action in accord, the concert of all the movements accomplished in the organism. To live is to

create and maintain the living form. By the sole fact that the mind continues to live and tends to organize itself, the idea, which is imposed by love for it and by the will, groups all ideas and fancies that can enter with the master-idea into the unity of some one consciousness, into the unity of a perfect spiritual form. Little by little, living only from its inner life, this idea develops, becomes involute and richly diversified, represents itself at length in the substance of pictures which are its realization. Such a work is spontaneous, often surprising consciousness with its unexpected results. The will, tired by vain efforts, grows lax. Yet the impulse given by it continues. In silence life seems to commune more freely. All at once the pictures so long, so vainly sought, invade one's consciousness. An artist's first sentiment before his own handiwork is surprise. To him it seems as if the work had done itself with his participation,—that he received it, rather than gave it to himself. In repose, born out of the very excess of effort, the idea with a sudden surge had risen again into consciousness, enriched with new pictures. Genius is a grace from above, and its workings are like a prayer that is granted. Gladly the poets speak of God inspiring them, of the torments of soul which gain this favor, of the joy, when, envaded

by a more puissant personality, and having themselves become the Very God who dictates to them his thoughts, they no longer feel themselves distinguishable apart from the beauty they create. . . .

Inspiration is life, freer, more abundant; in some people more quickly concentrated, in others at first hindered, distracted, as if divided against itself; more or less requiring the imperious summons of the will; but in the hour of creation it is always life gushing forth, flowing brimmingly, joyously mounting to fill some work of art with her potent ichor. Very rarely does it happen that the entire mind is involved in some single act; more commonly are its powers divided or in opposition. Reflection is applied in due course to the various elements which are sought to be coördinated. Reflection brings these together and compares them. The mind does not live all its life at once, it is as it acts, by fragments, of an incomplete and divided life. In inspiration, when, under the action of the will, the idea has little by little stirred the mind to its very depths, all faculties, as if now in accord, resound in unison. . . . The mind exists entire, living all its life at once. Ideas call each other, and make answer; in their train comes soon the troop of picture-shapes that express them; all that can enter into the

unity of this living action presents and disposes of itself because of the sole fact that all elements, obeying their own free impulses, group themselves according to the harmonious laws of life. The joy of the artist in the moment of inspiration is the joy of loving and feeling at once all his forces and of finding for an instant in this perfect accord of the inner being, the illusion of a divine life. . . .

Genius is mental health . . . it is life itself; it is the mind no longer attaching itself to any idea without the latter's becoming immediately the principle of a vital movement . . . it is the mind disengaging itself from the diversity of confused ideas by the fact solely that they live in it the unity which commands them.

Inspiration is defined by life, is not outside of nature, but is rather the return to nature of a mind developed by effort and reflection.

G. Séailles, "Essai sur le génie dans l'art," p. 172.

THE SON CAN DO NOTHING OF HIMSELF

Escape from the Lesser Self

Fasusu'l Hikan says: "While men of externals believe that there is nothing in existence but what is visible to sight, interior men hold that much is veiled from outer sight, which can only be seen through a near approach to God and a close communion with His omnipresent Spirit." In the *Masnavi* of Jalal'uddin Rumi also there runs a conviction that religion is the path to a Higher Knowledge.

The sharpest thorns are welcome, as the roseleaf soft,
To finite who to th' Infinite can soar aloft.
What signifies to glorify the Lord of heaven;
To humble self to dust; with meekness, pride to heaven?
What use to learn to formulate God's unity;
What use to bow one's self before the Deity?
Wouldst shine as brilliantly in sight of all?
Annihilate thy darksome self,—thy being's pall,
Let thy existence in God's essence be enrolled,
As copper in alchemist's bath is turned to gold.

Quit "I" and "We," which o'er thy heart exert control.

'Tis egotism, estranged from God, that clogs thy soul.

J. W. Redhouse, "Mesnevi," p. 217.

SLEEP ON NOW AND TAKE YOUR REST

The Mystery of Sleep

Earliest man was puzzled by the dream-state of consciousness. Sleep, or possibly the occasional experience of a dual personality, led to higher speculations regarding the nature of thought.

And there are two states for that person, the one here in this world, the other in the other world, and as a third an intermediate state, the state of sleep. When in that intermediate state, he sees both those states together, the one here in this world, and the other in the other world. Now whatever his admission to the other world may be, having gained that admission, he sees both the evils and the blessings.

And when he falls asleep, then after having taken away with him the material from the whole world, destroying and building it up again, he sleeps by his own light. In that state the person is self-illuminated.

There are no real chariots in that state, no horses, no roads, but he himself sends forth chariots, horses, and roads. There are no blessings there, no happiness, no joys, but he himself sends forth blessings, happi-

ness, and joys. There are no tanks there, no lakes, no rivers, but he himself sends forth tanks, lakes, and rivers. He indeed is the maker.

On this there are these verses:

After having subdued by sleep all that belongs to the body, he, not asleep himself, looks down upon the sleeping senses. Having assumed light, he goes again to his place, the golden person, the lonely bird.

Guarding with the breath the lower nest, the immortal moves away from the nest; that immortal one goes wherever he likes, the golden person, the lonely bird.

Going up and down in his dream, the god makes manifold shapes for himself, either rejoicing together with women, or laughing with his friends, or seeing terrible sights.

People may see his playground, but himself no one ever sees. Therefore they say, "Let no one wake a man suddenly, for it is not easy to remedy, if he does not get back rightly to his body."

Max Müller, "Brihadaranyaka-upanishad," p. 164.

WHO HAD GIVEN SUCH POWER UNTO MEN

Sleep

In the Koran the view prevails that the human mind derives its energy and tone from God. "He giveth to his beloved (in) sleep." Supra-sensuous were Mohammed's own visions and inspirations.

God takes to Himself souls at the time of their death; and those which do not die He takes in their sleep; and He holds back those on whom He has decreed death, and sends others back till their appointed time;—verily, in that are signs unto a people who reflect.

E. H. Palmer, "Qur'an" (Koran), pt. 2, p. 186.

Whatever is in the Heavens and in the earth is God's; and whether ye disclose what is in your minds or conceal it, God will reckon with you for it; and whom He pleaseth will He forgive, and whom He pleaseth will He punish; for God is All-powerful.

The Apostle believeth in that which hath been sent down from his Lord, as do the faithful also. Each one believeth in God and His angels and His scriptures

and His Apostles: We make no distinction between any of His Apostles. And they say, "We have heard and we obey. Thy mercy, Lord, for unto Thee must we return."

J. M. Rodwell, "Koran," Surah 2, 285–286.

FATHER, GIVE THE HOLY SPIRIT TO THEM

The Source of Life

After much schooling, Svetaketu returned home puffed up with new knowledge. Gently his father Uddalaka dispelled his conceit by revealing the mystery of sentient life.

The Sage said to his son Svetaketu: "Learn from me the true nature of sleep. When a man sleeps here, then, my dear son, he becomes united with the True, he is gone to his own Self.

"As a bird when tied by a string flies first in every direction, and finding no rest anywhere, settles down at last on the very place where it is fastened, exactly in the same manner, my son, that living Self in the mind, after flying in every direction, and finding no rest anywhere, settles down on breath; for indeed, my son, mind is fastened to breath. . . .

"As the bees make honey by collecting the juices of distant trees, and reduce the juice into one form,

"And as these juices have no discrimination, so that they might say, I am the juice of this tree or that, in the same manner, my son, all these creatures, when

they have become merged in the True, either in deep sleep or in death, know not that they are merged in the True.

"Whatever these creatures are here, whether a lion, or a wolf, or a boar, or a worm, or a midge, or a gnat, or a mosquito, that they become again and again.

"Now that which is that subtile essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it."

"Please, Sir, inform me still more," said the son.

"Be it so, my child," the father replied.

"If some one were to strike at the root of this large tree here, it would bleed, but live. If he were to strike at its stem, it would bleed, but live. If he were to strike at its top, it would bleed, but live. Pervaded by the living Self that tree stands firm, drinking in its nourishment and rejoicing. But if the live, the living Self, leaves one of its branches, that branch withers; if it leaves a second, that branch withers; if it leaves a third, that branch withers. If it leaves the whole tree, the whole tree withers. Thus the human body indeed withers and dies when the living Self has left it; the living Self dies out. That which is that subtile essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, Svetaketu, art it."

"Please, Sir, inform me still more," said the son.

"Be it so, my child," the father replied. "Fetch me from thence a fruit of the Nyagrodha tree."

"Here is one, Sir."

"Break it."

"It is broken, Sir."

"What do you see there?"

"These seeds, almost infinitesimal."

"Break one of them. What do you see there?"

"Not anything, Sir."

The father said: "My son, that subtile essence which you do not perceive there, of that very essence this great Nyagrodha tree exists. That which is the subtile essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it. Place this salt in water, and then wait on me in the morning."

The son did as he was commanded.

The father said to him: "Bring me the salt, which you placed in the water last night."

The son having looked for it, found it not, for, of course, it was melted.

The father said: "Taste it from the surface of the water. How is it?"

The son replied: "It is salt."

"Taste it from the middle. How is it?"

The son replied: "It is salt."

"Taste it from the bottom. How is it?"

The son replied: "It is salt."

Then the father said: "Here also, in this body, forsooth, you do not perceive the True, my son; but there indeed it is. That which is the subtile essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it."

"Please, Sir, inform me still more," said the son.

"Be it so, my child," the father replied. "If a man is ill, his relatives assemble round him and ask: Dost thou know me? Dost thou know me? Now as long as his speech is not merged in his mind, his mind in breath, breath in heat, heat in the Highest Being, he knows them. But when his speech is merged in his mind, his mind in breath, breath in heat, heat in the Highest Being, then he knows them not. That which is the subtile essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it."

Max Müller, "Khandogya-upanishad," p. 98 ff.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS LIKE UNTO A TREASURE HIDDEN IN A FIELD

The Sacredness of Memory

In the same Khandagya-upanishad another sage, Sanatkumara, discourses to his pupil, Narada, of the sacred lore that even to-day in India is passed on from generation to generation.

Said a venerable sage to his pupil:

"He who meditates on memory as God, is, as it were, lord and master as far as memory reaches—he who meditates on memory as God."

"Sir, is there something better than memory?"

"Yes, there is something better than memory."

"Sir, tell it me."

"Hope is better than memory. Fired by hope does memory read the sacred hymns, perform sacrifices, desire sons and cattle, desire this world and the other. Meditate on hope. He who meditates on hope as God, all his desires are fulfilled by hope, his prayers are not in vain; he is, as it were, lord and master as far as hope reaches—he who meditates on hope as God."

"Tell me, Sir, is there something better than hope?"

"Yes, spirit is better than hope. As the spokes of a wheel hold to the nave, so does all this, beginning with names and ending in hope, hold to spirit. Father means spirit, mother is spirit, brother is spirit, sister is spirit. When one understands the True, then one declares the True. One who does not understand it, does not declare the True. Only he who understands it, declares the True. This understanding, however, we must desire to understand. When one perceives, then one understands. One who does not perceive, does not understand. Only he who perceives, understands. This perception, however, we must desire to understand."

"Sir, I desire to understand it."

"When one believes, then one perceives. One who does not believe, does not perceive. Only he who believes, perceives. The Infinite is bliss. There is no bliss in anything finite. Infinity only is bliss. This Infinity, however, we must desire to understand."

"Sir, I desire to understand it."

"Where one sees nothing else, hears nothing else, understands nothing else, that is the Infinite. Where one sees something else, hears something else, understands something else, that is the finite. The Infinite is immortal, the finite is mortal. . . . The Infinite

indeed is below, above, behind, before, right and left—it is indeed all this. Now follows the explanation of the Infinite as the I; I am below, I am above, I am behind, before, right and left—I am all this.

"Next follows the explanation of the Infinite as the Self; Self is below, above, behind, before, right and left—Self is all this. He who sees, perceives, and understands this, loves the Self, delights in the Self, revels in the Self, rejoices in the Self—he becomes a master of himself."

Max Müller, "Khandogya-upanishad," p. 119.

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THIS NIGHT SHALL THY SOUL BE REQUIRED OF THEE

The Atomic Size of the Soul

The Vedanta philosophy forms the basis of modern Theosophy and has not a little in common with New Thought and Christian Science. Its most revered commentator was Sankara (lived about 800 A. D.), who may be called the St. Augustine of Brahmanism. Suggestive and typical is his speculation regarding the nature of the soul.

And on account of the two latter (*i. e.*, going and returning) being connected with their Self (*i. e.*, the agent), the soul is of atomic size.

We admit that "passing out" might possibly be attributed to the soul even if it does not move, namely, if that expression be taken to mean the soul's ceasing to be the ruler of the body, in consequence of the results of its former actions having become exhausted; just as somebody when ceasing to be the ruler of a village may be said to "go out." But the two latter activities, namely, going and returning, are not possible in the case of something which does not move; for they are both connected with the own Self of the agent,

going and coming back being activities abiding in the agent. Now going and coming are possible for a being that is not of medium size, only if it is of atomic size. And as going and coming must be taken in their literal sense, we conclude that the passing out also means nothing but the soul's actual moving out of the body. For the soul cannot go and return without first having moved out of the body. Moreover certain parts of the body are mentioned as the points from which the soul starts in passing out, for instance, in the following scripture passage, "Either from the eye or from the skull or from other places of the body the Self passes out." Other passages mention that the embodied soul goes and comes within the body also; so, for instance, "He taking with him those elements of light descends into the heart; Having assumed light he again goes to his place." Thereby the atomic size of the soul is established as well.

Geo. Thibaut, "Vedanta-sutras," pt. 2, p. 86.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS

What is the Soul?

Like an atom, the soul, say the Upanishads, is not to be apprehended in a materialistic way. Like energy it is everlasting. Like ether it permeates and forms the substratum of the body.

As large as all space is, so large is that spiritual essence within the heart. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of him, the Self, here in the world, and whatever is not, namely, whatever has been or will be, all that is contained within it.

By the old age of the body this spiritual essence does not age; by the death of the body, it is not killed. This inner essence, not the body itself, is the true mansion of God. In it all desires are contained. It is the Self, free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, which desires nothing but what it ought to desire, and imagines nothing but what it ought to imagine. Now as here on earth peo-

ple follow as they are commanded, and depend on the object which they are attached to, be it a country or a piece of land.

And as here on earth, whatever has been acquired by exertion, perishes, so perishes whatever is acquired for the next world by sacrifices and other good actions performed on earth. Those who depart from hence without having discovered the Self and those true desires, for them there is no freedom in all the worlds. But those who depart from hence, after having discovered the Self and those true desires, for them there is freedom in all the worlds.

Max Müller, "Khandogya-upanishad," p. 126.

AND I WILL MANIFEST MYSELF UNTO HIM

The Keys of the Unseen

Mohammedanism, like its later American parallel, Mormonism, was a pre-eminently dynamic creed, less given to speculation than to action. "Think on the mercies of God, not on the essence of God" the Prophet taught. Five times daily, two hundred and twenty million Mohammedans kneel on their prayer carpets to invoke the Spirit who, as the Koran teaches, is the source of wisdom and knowledge.

Admonish therewith those who fear that they shall be gathered unto their Lord; there is no patron for them but Him, and no intercessor; haply they may fear.

Repulse not those who call upon their Lord in the morning and in the evening, desiring His face; they have no reckoning against thee at all, and thou hast no reckoning against them at all;—repulse them and thou wilt be of the unjust.

So have we tried some of them by others, that they may say, Are these those unto whom God has been gracious amongst ourselves? Does not God know those who give thanks?

And when those who believe in our signs come to thee, say, Peace be on you! God hath prescribed for

Himself mercy; verily, he of you who does evil in ignorance, and then turns again and does right,—verily, He is forgiving and merciful.

Thus do we detail our signs, that the way of the sinners may be made plain. . . .

With Him are the keys of the unseen. None knows them save He; He knows what is in the land and in the sea; and there falls not a leaf save that He knows it; nor a grain in the darkness of the earth, nor aught that is moist, nor aught that is dry, save that is in His perspicuous Book.

He it is who takes you to Himself at night, and knows what ye have gained in the day; then He raises you up again, that your appointed time may be fulfilled; then unto Him is your return, and then will He inform you of what ye have done.

He triumphs over His servants; He sends to them guardian angels, until, when death comes to any one of you, our messengers take him away; they pass not over any one, and then are they returned to God, their true sovereign.

E. H. Palmer, "Qur'an" (Koran), pt. 1, p. 121.

Say: I am only a man like you. It is revealed to me that your God is one God; act uprightly, then, with

Him, and implore His pardon. And woe to those who join gods with God.

And if God had pleased He had surely made you all one people; but He would test you by what He hath given to each. Be emulous, then, in good deeds. To God do ye all return, and He will tell you concerning the subjects of your disputes.

Mohammed is no more than an apostle; other apostles have already passed away before him; if, then, he die or be slain, will ye then turn upon your heels (*i. e.*, relapse into idolatry)?

J. M. Rodwell, "Koran," Surah 41, 5; Surah 5, 54; Surah 3, 138; Surah 2, 274.

NOTHING IS HID THAT SHALL NOT BE MADE MANIFEST

The Immanent God

Analogous to the modern scientific conception of ether is the doctrine of God-immanent developed in the *Bhagavadgita* over two thousand years ago.

I will declare that which is the object of knowledge, knowing which, one reaches immortality; the highest Brahman, having no beginning nor end, which cannot be said to be existent or non-existent. It has hands and feet on all sides, it has eyes, heads, and faces on all sides, it has ears on all sides, it stands pervading everything in the world. Possessed of the qualities of all the senses, but devoid of all senses, unattached, it supports all, is devoid of qualities, and the enjoyer of qualities. It is within all things and without them; it is movable and also immovable; it is unknowable through its subtlety; it stands afar and near. Not different in different things, but standing as though different, it should be known to be the supporter of all things, and that which absorbs and creates them. It is

the radiance even of the radiant bodies; it is said to be beyond darkness. It is knowledge, the object of knowledge, that which is to be attained to by knowledge, and placed in the heart of all.

K. T. Telang, "Bhagavadgita," p. 108.

YE KNOW NOT WHAT MANNER OF SPIRIT YE ARE OF

Voices

It remained for Buddhism in India to develop one practical human aspect of the foregoing philosophy, namely, that the interplay of individual personalities often affords illuminating insights into a larger field of consciousness. Unusually touching is the following instance of one of the Brethren converted by an old woman's piety.

Now a certain woman, a distinguished follower of the faith, had for thirty years and more administered to the wants of the venerable Assagutta. And at the end of that rainy season she came one day to him, and asked whether there was any other brother staying with him. And when she was told that there was one, named Nagasena, she invited the Elder, and Nagasena with him, to take their midday meal the next day at her house. And the Elder signified, by silence, his consent. The next forenoon the Elder robed himself, and taking his bowl in his hand, went down, accompanied by Nagasena as his attendant, to the dwelling-place of

that disciple, and there they sat down on the seats prepared for them. And she gave to both of them food, hard and soft, as much as they required, waiting upon them with her own hands. When Assagutta had finished his meal, and the hand was withdrawn from the bowl, he said to Nagasena: "Do thou, Nagasena, give the thanks to this distinguished lady." And, so saying, he rose from his seat, and went away.

And the lady said to Nagasena: "I am old, friend Nagasena. Let the thanksgiving be from the deeper things of the faith."

And Nagasena, in pronouncing the thanksgiving discourse, dwelt on the profounder side of the Higher Law, not on matters of mere ordinary morality, but on those relating to perfect peace and calm. And as the lady sat there listening, there arose in her heart the Insight into the Truth, clear and stainless, which perceives that whatsoever has beginning, that has the inherent quality of passing away. And Nagasena also, when he had concluded that thanksgiving discourse, felt the force of the truths he himself had preached, and he too arrived at insight—he too entered, as he sat there, upon the stream, that is to say, upon the first stage of the Excellent Way.

Then the venerable Assagutta, as he was sitting in

his arbour, was aware that they both had attained to insight, and he exclaimed: "Well done! well done, Nagasena! by one arrow shot you have hit two noble quarries!"

T. W. Rhys Davids, "Questions of King Milinda," pt. 1, p. 84.

AND YE ARE WITNESSES OF THESE THINGS

Love to One's Neighbor, a Jew

The central idea of the *Masnavi* of Jelal'uddin Rumi is that the only true basis of spiritual religion is love, and that all seeming faith and piety which do not grow from love profit nothing. Like all true mystics Jelal took a sacramental view of nature and human nature. The *Masnavi* has been called the "Divina Commedia" or "Paradise Lost" of Islam.

Jelal was one day lecturing, when a young man of distinction came in, pushed his way, and took a seat higher up than an old man, one of the audience.

Jelal at once remarked: "In days of yore it was the command of God, that, if any young man should take precedence of an elder, the earth should at once swallow him up; such being the divine punishment for that offence. It happened that one morning the Victorious Lion of God, Ali, son of Abu-Talib, was hasting from his house to perform his devotions at dawn in the mosque of the Prophet. On his way, he overtook an old man, a Jew. Out of innate nobility and politeness of nature, he had respect for the Jew's age, and would not pass him, though the Jew's pace was slow. When

Ali reached the mosque, the Prophet was already bowed down in his devotions, and was about to chant the "Gloria"; but, by God's command, Gabriel came down, laid his hand on the Prophet's shoulder, and stopped him, lest Ali should lose the merit attaching to his being present at the opening of the dawn service; for it is more meritorious to perform that early service once, than to fulfil the devotions of a hundred years at other hours of the day. The Prophet has said: "The first act of reverence at dawn worship is of more value than the world and all that is therein."

When the Apostle of God had concluded his worship, offered up his customary prayers, and recited his usual lessons from the Koran, he turned, and asked of Gabriel the cause of his interruption. Gabriel replied that God had not seen fit that Ali should be deprived of the merit attaching to the performance of the first portion of the dawn worship, through the respect he had shown to the old Jew he had overtaken, but whom he would not pass.

"Now," remarked Jelal, "when a saint like Ali showed so much respect for a poor old misbelieving Jew, and when God viewed his respectful consideration in so highly favorable a manner, you may all infer how He will view any honor and veneration shown to an

Thus does that serene being, arising from this body, appear in its own form, as soon as it has approached the highest light, the knowledge of Self. He in that state is the highest person. He moves about there laughing or eating, playing and rejoicing in his mind, be it with women, carriages, or relatives, never minding that body into which he was born.

Max Müller, "Khandogya-upanishad," p. 140.

THOU ART NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD

The Holy Spirit

In another *Upanishad* the following conversation is reported of Yagnavalkya and his wife, Maitreyi. Unlike the orthodox Moslems who are said to believe that women have no souls, the Brahmans taught that women were capable of spiritual illumination.

Now if a man departs this life without having seen his true future life in the Self, then that Self, not being known, does not receive and bless him, as if the Veda had not been read, or as if a good work had not been done. Nay, even if one who does not know that Self should perform here on earth some great holy work, it will perish for him in the end. Let a man worship the Self only as his true state. If a man worships the Self only as his true state, his work does not perish, for whatever he desires that he gets from that Self. . . .

And Maitreyi said: "What should I do with that by which I do not become immortal? What my Lord knoweth of immortality, tell that to me."

Yagnavalkya replied: "Thou who art truly dear to

me, thou speakest dear words. Come, sit down, I will explain it to thee, and mark well what I say. Verily, a husband is not dear, that you may love the husband; but that you may love the Self, therefore a husband is dear. Verily, a wife is not dear, that you may love the wife; but that you may love the Self, therefore a wife is dear. Verily, sons are not dear, that you may love the sons; but that you may love the Self, therefore sons are dear. Verily, wealth is not dear, that you may love wealth; but that you may love the Self, therefore wealth is dear.

"Verily, the Brahman-class is not dear, that you may love the Brahman-class; but that you may love the Self.

"Verily, the Kshatra-class is not dear, that you may love the Kshatra-class; but that you may love the Self.

"Verily, the worlds are not dear, that you may love the worlds; but that you may love the Self.

"Verily, the angels are not dear, that you may love the angels; but that you may love the Self.

"Verily, creatures are not dear, that you may love the creatures; but that you may love the Self.

"Verily, everything is not dear that you may love everything; but that you may love the Self, therefore everything is dear.

"Verily, the Self is to be seen, to be heard, to be perceived, to be marked, O Maitreyi! When we see, hear, perceive, and know the Self, then all this is known."

Max Müller, "Brihadaranyaka-upanishad," pp. 90, 109.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU

Cosmic Consciousness

Nirvana, greatest of Gotama's teachings, is a state attainable in this life by those who elect and persistently follow the Path. Nirvana is round us from our infancy, an encircling medium of which we grow aware only through religious enlightenment. It means the eternal within the temporal, cosmic consciousness, a heaven here and now.

If thou art desirous of omniscience, direct thy attention to transcendent wisdom; then betake thyself to the wilderness and meditate on the pure law; by it thou shalt acquire the transcendent faculties.

The man catches the meaning, goes to the wilderness, meditates with the greatest attention, and, as he is endowed with good qualities, ere long acquires the five transcendent faculties.

Similarly all disciples fancy having reached Nirvana, but the Gina instructs them by saying: This is a temporary repose, no final rest.

It is an artifice of the Buddhas to enunciate this dogma. There is no real Nirvana without all-knowingness; try to reach this.

The boundless knowledge of the three paths of time,

the six utmost perfections, voidness, the absence of purpose or object, the absence of finiteness;

The idea of enlightenment and the other laws leading to Nirvana, both such as are mixed with imperfection and such as are exempt from it, such as are tranquil and comparable to ethereal space;

The four exercises to develop benevolence, compassion, cheerful sympathy, and equanimity, and the four articles of sociability, namely, liberality, affability, promoting another's interest, and pursuit of a common aim, as well as the laws sanctioned by eminent sages for the education of creatures;

He who knows these things and that all phenomena have the nature of illusion and dreams, that they are pithless as the stem of the plantain, and similar to an echo;

And who knows that the triple world throughout is of that nature, not fast and not loose, he knows rest.

He who considers all laws to be alike, void, devoid of particularity and individuality, not derived from an intelligent cause; nay, who discerns that nothingness is law;

Such a one has great wisdom and sees the whole of the law entirely. There are no three vehicles by any means; there is but one vehicle in this world.

All laws or the laws of all are alike, equal, for all, and ever alike. Knowing this, one understands immortal, blest Nirvana.

H. Kern, "Saddharma-pundarika," p. 139.

Life

CAN YE NOT DISCERN THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES?

Conscious Life

The ordered beauty of the world of Nature suggests an infinite intelligence with powers of action such as no man or other creature possesses, and evolution, which was so hotly contested by the theologians of a generation ago, suggests the beautiful conception of continued action, but when man commences to speculate as to the nature of this intelligence which rules the universe, however much of a theologian he may be, he is driven back upon materialistic models, and his deity cannot rise above a perfected superman. In the present state of human evolution, even revelation from the deity could not conceivably take any other form than this, for man with such senses and experiences as he has been provided with, could not understand anything else.

Science can readily strip away from any earlier system of religion, mythological accounts of creation which represent the state of natural knowledge when

the system was growing, and can disprove or reject accounts of natural phenomena which are now known clearly to be errors, but when this has all been done the real kernel still remains in any religious system worthy of the name. Man is still left venerating the great causes of creation, and worshipping at the shrine of an infinite and all-powerful creator. Nor is it any bar to this worship that he possesses no rigorous proof nor exact knowledge in terms of material things. The mysticism only stimulates devotion, and urges him onwards towards higher realization of divinity and idealization of all that is highest in the deity that he personifies and worships.

To such a worshipper every scientific advance brings only a more beautiful appreciation of the divine in nature, and he strains upwards towards it in his own life, and is impelled by his religion to a nobility of life and character, which could scarcely arise in any other way.

If this attribute of mind, to recognize something as the highest in the whole range of consciousness which compels the mind towards its highest efforts, exists in millions of the most highly developed of mankind there must be some cause for it other than ignorance. Surely it is part of mental evolution towards the high-

est—an intensification of that same process which led creation up from undifferentiated matter through the long course of organic evolution to man. Man has now become aware of this organic evolution, and there is a consciousness developing in regard to it and making for social progress, which is rapidly becoming the latest and highest development of religion. Environment, acting as a directing and selecting power upon mutable forms of matter, and lasting through long epochs of time, finally brought man upon the earth; purely material environment cannot raise him higher, but in religion in the true sense of the word, increased and intensified by a study of the mind, and of our relationship and duties towards other minds, we see that factor in our environment which will lead us on to higher things.

The fact that the creature actually in process of evolution has gained consciousness of his own evolution will give a definite purpose to his whole social system as a community, and will enormously increase the velocity in future generations of the process of evolution.

Benj. Moore, "The Origin and Nature of Life," p. 23 ff., N. Y., 1912. (Copyright, Henry Holt & Co.)

IT IS GIVEN UNTO YOU TO KNOW THE MYSTERIES OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

What is Your Life? It is Even as a Vapor

Life's apparent impermanence, its mysteries of origin and purpose, the inexplicable balance of forces which maintain it for a little while,—all this caused the upreaching mind of all races to grope toward the light. The Mahabharata sings of this age-long enigma.

The body—is it not like foam
The tossing wave an instant cresting?
In it the spirit, bird-like, resting,
Soon flies to seek another home.
In this thy frail abode, so dear,
How canst thou slumber free from fear?
  Why dost thou not wake up, when all
Thy watchful enemies ever seek
To strike thee there where thou art weak,
To bring about thy longed-for fall?
  Thy days are numbered,—all apace
Thy years roll on,—thy powers decay.
Why dost thou vainly then delay,
And not arise, and haste away
To some unchanging dwelling-place?

The Watchtower of Wisdom

As men who climb a hill behold
The plain beneath them all unrolled,
And thence with searching eye survey
The crowds that pass along the way,
So those on wisdom's mount who stand
A lofty vantage-ground command.
They thence can scan the world below,
Immersed in error, sin and woe;
Can mark how mortals vainly grieve,
The true reject, the false receive,
The good forsake, the bad embrace,
The substance flee and shadows chase.
But none who have not gained that height,
Can good and ill discern aright.

What Determines the Character of Actions

'Tis from the soul, the man within,
That actions all their value win;
No outward state, whate'er it be,
Affects an action's quality.

Would he not sin, a Brahman sage
Who slew within a hermitage?
Bring gifts no fruit, howe'er profuse,
Unless bestowed by a recluse?

J. Muir, "Metrical Translations from Sanskrit Writers," p. 26.

IF ANY MAN EAT OF THIS BREAD HE SHALL LIVE FOREVER

Life and Death

To mystics life and death are equally transitory, being part of a larger cycle. To the Taoists immortality is more than a mere word.

Life is a state which follows upon Death. Death is a state which precedes Life. Which of us understands the laws that govern their succession?

The life of man is the resultant of forces. The aggregation of these forces is life; their dispersion, death. If, then, Life and Death are but consecutive states of existence, what cause for sorrow have I?

And so it is that all things are but phases of unity. What men delight in is the spiritual essence of life. What they loathe is the material corruption of death. But this state of corruption gives place to that state of spirituality, and that state of spirituality gives place in turn to this state of corruption. Therefore we may say that all in the universe is comprised in unity; and therefore the inspired among us have adopted unity as their criterion.

H. A. Giles, "Gems from Chinese Literature," p. 21.

O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT?

A Mohammedan Legend

Because Jesus treated religion and life as one and the same thing, the vitality of his faith impressed those Mohammedans to whom his non-sectarian appeal came in terms not of theology but of healing.

"The house of Jesu was the banquet of men of heart,
Ho! afflicted one, quit not this door!
From all sides the people ever thronged,
Many blind and lame, and halt and afflicted,
To the door of the house of Jesu at dawn,
That with his breath he might heal their ailments.
As soon as he had finished his orisons,
That holy one would come forth at the third hour;
He viewed those impotent folk, troop by troop,
Sitting at his door in hope and expectation;
He spoke to them, saying, 'O stricken ones!
The desires of all of you have been granted by God;
Arise, walk without pain or affliction,
Acknowledge the mercy and beneficence of God!'
Then all, as camels whose feet are shackled,

When you loose their feet in the road,
Straightway rush in joy and delight to the halting-
place,
So did they run upon their feet at his command."

S. M. Zwemer, "The Moslem Christ."

And it is not for a believer, man or woman, to have any choice in their affairs, when God and His Apostle have decreed a matter; and whoever disobeyeth God and His Apostle hath erred with palpable error.

J. M. Rodwell, "Koran," Surah 33, 37.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS AT HAND

Nearer to the Source of Life

That spiritual life is just as real as physical life is proclaimed by Hsuan-yang Zze (1280–1367 A. D.), a follower of the *Tao* and a contemporary of Dante.

The Heaven-honored One says, "All you, Heaven-endowed men, who wish to be instructed about the Perfect Tao, the Perfect Tao is very recondite, and by nothing else but Itself can it be described. Since ye wish to hear about it, ye cannot do so by the hearing of the ear;—that which eludes both the ears and eyes is the True Tao; what can be heard and seen perishes, and only this survives. There is much that you have not yet learned, and especially you have not acquired this! Till you have learned what the ears do not hear, how can the Tao be spoken about at all?"

The Heaven-honored One says, "Sincerity is the first step towards the knowledge of the Tao; it is by silence that that knowledge is maintained; it is with gentleness that the Tao is employed. The employment

of sincerity looks like stupidity; the employment of silence looks like difficulty of utterance; the employment of gentleness looks like want of ability. But having attained to this, you may forget all bodily form; you may forget your personality; you may forget that you are forgetting."

"He who has taken the first steps towards the knowledge of the Tao knows where to stop; he who maintains the Tao in himself knows how to be diligently vigilant; he who employs It knows what is most subtle.

"When one knows what is most subtle, the light of intelligence grows around him; when he can know how to be diligently vigilant, his sage wisdom becomes complete; when he knows where to stop, he is grandly composed and restful.

"When he is grandly composed and restful, his sage wisdom becomes complete; when his sage wisdom becomes complete, the light of intelligence grows around him; when the light of intelligence grows around him, he is one with the Tao.

"This is the condition which is styled the True Forgetfulness;—a forgetting which does not forget; a forgetting of what cannot be forgotten.

"That which cannot be forgotten is the True Tao.

The Tao is in heaven and earth, but heaven and earth are not conscious of It. Whether It seem to have feelings or to be without them, It is always one and the same."

J. Legge, Yu Shu King, "The Classic of the Pivot of Jade," texts of Taoism, pt. 2, p. 265.

BEHOLD, I HAVE FORETOLD YOU ALL THINGS

The Stuff of the World and the Fountain of Creation

The Persian mystics conceive of physical life as a necessary basis for the higher life of the Spirit. Thus a human body is but a wonderful apparatus for the evolution of a soul. They view all life as but ripples of the imperishable substance of God.

Every form you see has its archetype in the placeless world;
If the form perished, no matter, since its original is everlasting.
Every fair shape you have seen, every deep saying you have heard,
Be not cast down that it perished; for that is not so.
Whereas the spring-head is undying, its branch gives water continually;
Since neither can cease, why are you lamenting?
Conceive the Soul as a fountain, and these created things as rivers:
While the fountain flows, the rivers run from it.
Put grief out of your head and keep quaffing this river-water;

Do not think of the water failing; for this water is without end.
From the moment you came into the world of being,
A ladder was placed before you that you might escape.
First you were mineral, later you turned to plant,
Then you became animal: how should this be a secret to you?
Afterwards you were made man, with knowledge, reason, faith;
Behold the body, which is a portion of the dust-pit, how perfect it has grown!
When you have travelled on from man, you will doubtless become an angel:
After that you are done with this earth: your station is in heaven.
Pass again even from angelhood: enter the ocean,
That your drop may become a sea which is a hundred seas of "Oman."
Leave this "Son," say ever "One" with all your soul;
If your body has aged, what matter, when the soul is young?

R. A. Nicholson, "Divani Shamsi Tabriz," p. 47.

EVEN SO KNOW I THE FATHER

Omnipresence

This *sufi* conception is not wholly original to Asia Minor, since it is akin to the *Upanishad* doctrine of India and has affinities with Neo-platonism and even with some early Christian mysticism. Thus one spiritual life pulses through all human intellects the world over.

The knowing Self is not born, it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. The Ancient is unborn, eternal, everlasting; he is not killed, though the body is killed.

If the killer thinks that he kills, if the killed thinks that he is killed, they do not understand; for this one does not kill, nor is that one killed.

The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the Creator.

Though sitting still, he walks far; though lying down, he goes everywhere. Who, save myself, is able to know that God who rejoices and rejoices not?

The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does never grieve.

That Self cannot be gained by the Sacred Book nor by understanding, nor by much learning. He whom the Self chooses, by him the Self can be gained. The Self chooses him (his body) as his own.

But he who has not first turned away from his wickedness, who is not tranquil, and subdued, or whose mind is not at rest, he can never obtain the Self even by knowledge.

Who then knows where He is, He to whom all classes are, as it were, but food, and death itself a condiment?

Know the Self to be sitting in the chariot, the body to be the chariot, the intellect the charioteer, and the mind the reins.

The senses they call the horses, the objects of the senses their roads. When he, the Highest Self, is in union with the body, the senses, and the mind, then wise people call him the Enjoyer.

He who has no understanding and whose mind, the reins, is never firmly held, his senses, horses, are unmanageable, like vicious horses of a charioteer.

But he who has understanding and whose mind is

always firmly held, his senses are under control, like good horses of a charioteer.

He who has no understanding, who is unmindful and always impure, never reaches that place, but enters into the round of births.

But he who has understanding, who is mindful and always pure, reaches indeed that place, from whence he is not born again.

But he who has understanding for his charioteer, and who holds the reins of the mind, he reaches the end of his journey, and that is the highest place of Vishnu.

Beyond the senses there are the objects, beyond the objects there is the mind, beyond the mind there is the intellect, the Great Self is beyond the intellect.

That Self is hidden in all beings and does not shine forth, but it is seen by subtle seers through their sharp and subtle intellect.

Max Müller, "Katha-upanishad," p. 11.

BUT MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY

The Pulse of Life

Even when all is over, it will begin again, this life-process, whether here or on a distant planet in some unknown cranny of boundless space. Mankind is subject also, perhaps, to the same indefinite renewal. And thus the untutored Maori of New Zealand stand on the same shore of limitless wonder as the greatest seers and scientists present or past.

Seeking, earnestly seeking in the gloom.
Searching—yes, on the coastline—
On the bounds of light of day.
Looking into night
Night had conceived
The seed of night.
The heart, the foundation of night,
Had stood forth the self-existing
Even in the gloom—
The sap and succulent parts,
The life pulsating,
And the cup of life.
The shadows screen
The faintest gleam of light.
The procreating power,

The ecstasy of life first known,
And joy of issuing forth,
From silence into sound,
Thus the progeny
Of the Great extending
Filled the heaven's expanse;
The chorus of life
Rose and swelled into ecstasy,
Then rested
In bliss of calm and quiet.

J. White, "Ancient History of the Maori," Vol. 1, p. 152. (Quoted in R. B. Nixon, "Oceanic Mythology," "Mythology of All Races," Vol. 9, p. 27, Boston, 1916.)

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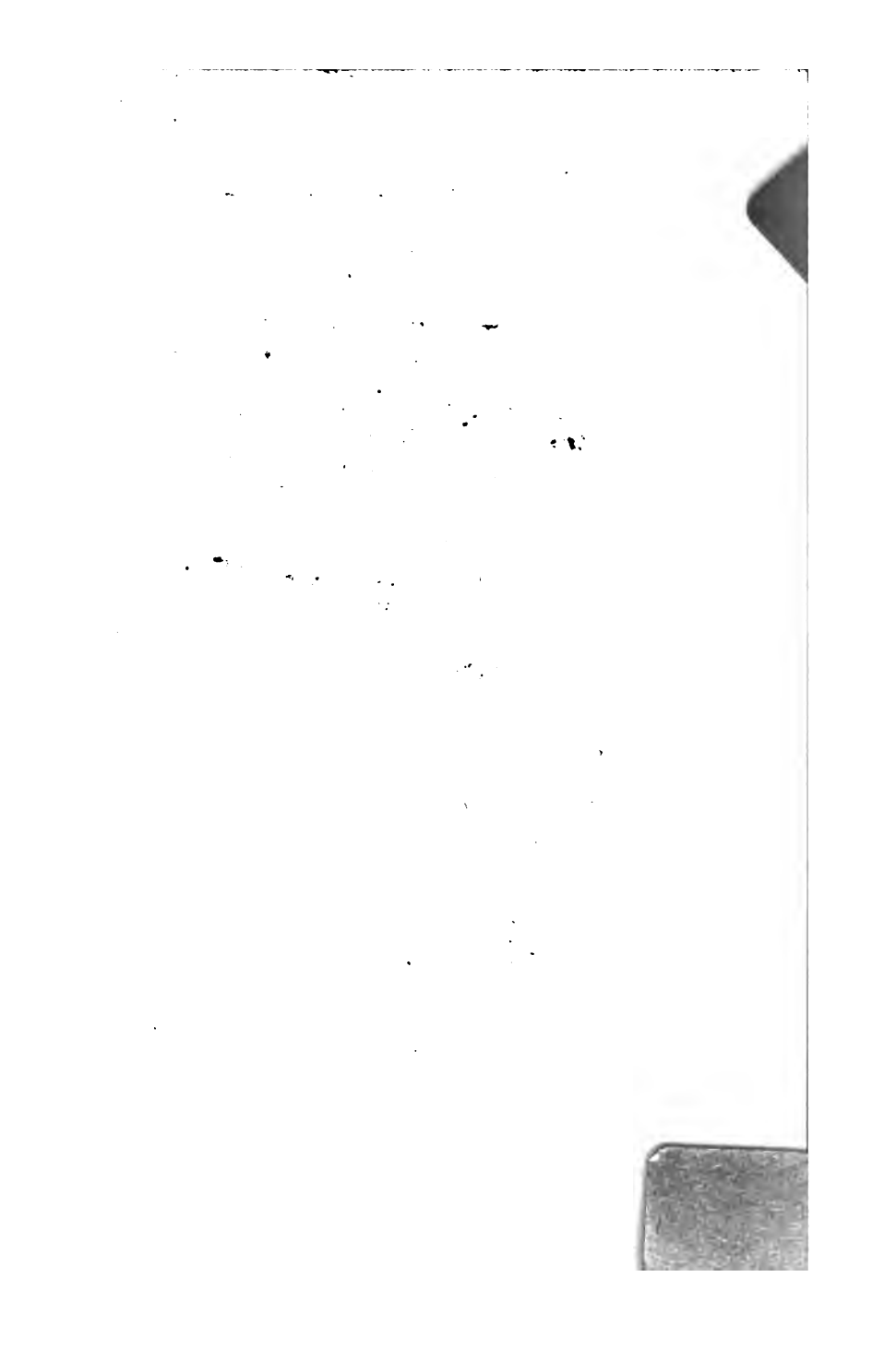
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